I agreed, when I could speak, that to be snuffed out life a candle would save a lot of trouble.

After Henry Irving's sudden death in October of the same year, some of his friends protested against the statement that it was the kind of death that he desired—that they knew, on the contrary, that he thought sudden death inexpressibly sad.

I can only say what he told me.

I stayed with him about three hours at Wolverharnpton. Before I left I went back to see the doctor again—a very nice man by the way, and clever.

He told me that Henry ought never to play " The Bells " again, even if he acted again, which he said ought not to be.

It was clever of the doctor to see what a terrible emotional strain "The Bells " put upon Henry—how he never could play the part of Mathias with ease as he could Louis XL, for example.

Every time he heard the sound of the bells, the throbbing of his heart must have nearly killed him. He used always to turn quite white—there was no trick about it. It was imagination acting physically on the body. , His death as Mathias—the death of a strong, robust man—was different from all his other stage deaths. He did really almost die—he imagined death with such horrible intensity. His eyes would disappear upwards, his face grow grey, his limbs cold.

No wonder, then, that the first time that the Wolverharnpton doctor's warning was disregarded, and Henry played "The Bells" at Bradford, his heart could not stand the strain. Within twenty-four hours of his last

death as Mathias, he was dead.

What a heroic thing was that last performance of Becket which carne between! I am told by those who were in